Qu. O thou wel skild in curses, staie a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Qu, Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the nights, and fast the daies,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, wil teach thee how to curse.
Qu. My words are dul, O quicken them with thine,
Q. Mar. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.
Du. Why should calamitie be ful of words? *Exit Mar.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your Client woes,
Aerie succeeders of intestate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at al, yet do they ease the hart.
Duch. If so, then be not too long-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sweet sons smotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter K. Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From al the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.
Qu. Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tel me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
King A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I saie. *The trumpets*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,

Or

Or with the clamorus report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Du. Art thou my son?
King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe,
Du. Then patiently here my impatience.
King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Du. I will be mild and gentle in my speach.
King. And briefe good mother for I am in hast.
Du. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Du. No by the holie roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth to make the earth my hell,
A greuous burthen was thy berth to me,
Tetchie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightful, desperate, wild, and furious.
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtile, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
King. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breake fast once forth of my companie,
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Du. O heare me speake for I shal neuer see thee more.
King. Come, come, you art too bitter.
Du. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Eeare from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe,
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
Which in the daie of battaile tire thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearst,
My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children,
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victorie,